In Another World

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In Another World

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Summary

All that we see or seem, is but a dream within a dream - Edgar Allan Poe

A series of what-ifs.

Notes

Hey guys! I'm not going to post much recently because I have a special piece for my birthday coming out so I want to dedicate a lot of time to it, and I'm finishing up finals and moving back home for the summer. So I thought I'd write out a little piece I had floating around in my head, so enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes

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“Do we talk of teacups and time?” Hannibal’s eyes are soft in a way Will was not used to at that time. He had only seen that expression once before, in Florence. But he knows better now.

“The teacup’s broken. It’s never going to gather itself again,” he says, knowing the words that are flowing out of his mouth. But he changes the script this time. He gets up from his chair and stands in front of Hannibal. Their height difference usually isn’t that significant, but Will finds that he likes looking down at Hannibal, and Hannibal looking up at him, just the slightest bit of surprise in his eyes.

“But maybe that’s just fine,” he adds softly, a smile pulling at the corners of his lips as Hannibal’s eyes widen. “Maybe it doesn’t need to come back together.”

Hannibal is staring at him like he has put the sun back into the sky. “Will-”

“I’m not going to find you or look for you, Hannibal. I’ve already done that.”

“And now what are you going to do?” Hannibal asks. For once, his eye contact is not the best. Will smiles fully now, resting his hand on Hannibal’s shoulder.

“We could slip away right now,” he says, just under a whisper. “Almost polite, you know?”

Hannibal leans into the touch the way a cat does, and he smiles up at Will. “Will you go with me?”

“Where else would I go?”

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Will knows that Hannibal has sensed (more likely smelled) his presence behind him as he approauched the Primavera. It was even more beautiful in person. Hannibal does not turn around. Will knows that he won’t.

He sits down beside Hannibal, and they both smile warmly at each other in a way they never have. This time, however, Will doesn’t allow either of them to speak. This time, they both lean in at the same time, and share a soft kiss. It is so unlike their entire relationship, a soft kiss, and yet it was completely natural for the both of them, and they smile as they break apart.

Hannibal closes his sketchbook, stands up, and offers a hand to Will. Will accepts it, and both of them have a grip like steel.

“Shall we?” Hannibal asks, love shining in his eyes. Will could bask in it forever.

“Where shall we go?”

“As long as I have you, Will, it does not matter where we go.”

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“You were supposed to leave,” Will asks, raw emotion caught in his throat. He puts the gun down, wanting to throw it across the counter but settles for putting it down gently. Hannibal’s expression is cold, and full of hurt.

“We couldn’t leave without you,” he says, and Will’s heart clenches. He knows what’s going to happen, he know the pain, both physical and mental, that Hannibal is about to inflict. He purposefully does not look at the hand where there is definitely a linoleum knife.

He chooses to embrace death.

Will moves quickly, wrapping his arms around Hannibal’s neck and presses his face there, clutching at him for dear life.

“Forgive me?” he asks with a shaky laugh. “Take me with you?”

There is deafening silence, sans the rain outside. Will smiles as he hears the knife clatter to the floor and Hannibal's arms suddenly holding him in a vice grip, as though Will would dare try to escape now.

“I forgive you, Will.” There is so much emotion in his voice, Will wouldn’t believe that it was Hannibal if the words weren’t being whispered wetly against his ear. “Will you forgive me?”

“I forgive you.”

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“To the truth, then,” Hannibal toasts, raising his glass. “And all of its consequences.”

Will sips his own wine before savoring the next bite of lamb. It is delicious, absolutely delicious. This will not be their last supper. Not for a long time, Will supposes. It should never have taken them this long. He puts down his fork and looks Hannibal right in the eye.

“You’re right.”

“About what in particular?” Arrogant bastard. Well lets himself smile in spite of everything.

“Let’s go.”

Surprise barely registers on Hannibal’s face, but Will can see it anyway. “I beg your pardon?”

“I would like for you to do that someday,” Will says airily. “But not today. Let’s go. Leave. Right now.”

“-Will-”

“Alana’s watching my dogs for the night, I don’t have anything worthwhile to take with me. We can leave now, disappear into the night, anywhere you want to go. Just let me go with you”

Hannibal was not expecting this, Will can tell. Will’s smile turns brittle. “I know I lied before. About Freddie Lounds. But you also lied to me before. Even Steven. I’m putting all of this behind us. Will you?”

“If I told you I wanted to show you Florence,” Hannibal asks, hesitation barely wavering in his words, “What would you say?”

“I’ve never seen Florence,” Will replies as Hannibal stands up from his chair, his knife still in hand. He makes his way around the back of Will’s chair, resting the blade at the bottom of Will’s neck. “And I would love to see it with you.”

“And what if I pressed this knife in deeper?”

“Try it and see,” Will challenges, leaning in enough that a little blood leaks out over the blade. He closes his eyes as Hannibal’s hand actually shakes for a moment before he drops the knife onto the table. Hannibal moves back at the same time Will stands up and turns to face him. “What is it?”

“You are bewitching,” Hannibal breathes out, taking his hand with absolutely no restraint whatever, pulling him closer. “We’ll leave now. Together.”

“Together.”

In some other world

Will locked eyes with Hannibal in Jack's office and he knows.

He knows.

When Hannibal invites him in for his first appointment, Will leans right against the corner of the desk and smiles up at him. Before Hannibal can ask his first question, Will opens his mouth, "You're the Ripper."

Hannibal cocks his head slightly, obviously interested. "What makes you say that?"

"That's not a denial, you know."

"I never said I was denying it. How could you tell?"

"Because we are just alike," Will grins. "And I don't want to take so long to understand that. Not this time."

Hannibal steps closer, looming over Will in a way that would be intimidating if there wasn't that fond look in his eyes. "What a cunning boy you are."

"Now," Will purrs, leaning into the touch of Hannibal's hand on his hip. "Give me everything. *Everything.* Because now I know that I want it."

All that we see or seem, is but a dream within a dream - Edgar Allan Poe

Will blinked awake, turning further into where his face was pressed against Hannibal's shoulder, vaguely aware that they were in bed.

"Thought I fell asleep on the couch," he muttered. Hannibal smiled as he wrapped his arm around Will's side, pulling him closer so that he could press a kiss to his forehead.

"You did. I didn't want you to wake up with a pain in your neck."

"Then explain why my 'pain in the neck' is currently reading Tattle Crime in bed like I won't notice," Will grinned, remnants of sleep still evident in his voice. He's too comfortable to open his eyes all the way, so he yawned and moved even closer. Hannibal, of course, obliged as he tucked a lock of hair behind his ear.

"What did you dream about?" Hannibal asked. Always curious, always prodding. Will laughed softly.

"Another world, in another time."

“Was it pleasant?”

“Yes,” Will sighed, opening an eye to laugh again. “But I think that I’m glad with where we ended up.”

“We?”

“Did you really think you wouldn't be there with me?”

“Once upon a time.”

“Well,” Will yawned again, resting his head on Hannibal’s shoulder, “We’re here, together. That should account for five years of misunderstandings and confusion.”

“It does. Goodnight, Will.”

“‘M awake,” Will sighed, sleep already pulling at his eyelids again.

End Notes

Please, please leave all the comments and kudos you like! I love responding to them!

If y'all are curious about the 'special piece' for my birthday, come visit me on Tumblr!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!